

SEN VANCE AND RANSOM BLUFFED IN POKER GAME

Game of Cards Told of by a Former Representative in Congress—What the Outcome of the Bluff Was.

Not to say scandal, but a game of bluffing between Senator Vance and Ransom, which was played in a game here in the city, says the Wilmington Messenger.

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“Boys,” said Senator Vance, who hadn't even picked up the two cards he had drawn, “as this is our last night and this is the last pot till next December, or maybe till after the next holiday recess, how about making the limit for this one pot five dollars?”

“Curious thing this telepathy—there must be something in it,” said Ransom. “I was just on the point of suggesting that myself, Zeb!”

“Agreeable,” said Mansir, and then Senator Vance, still without looking at the two cards he'd drawn, raised Mansir five dollars.

“Senator Ransom had picked up the card he'd drawn and when he caught sight of it he leaned back in his chair and seemed to fall into a retrospective state as he gazed dreamily at the ceiling and began to softly whistle a most plaintive minor air.

“Queer thing how those tunes stick in the mind,” he observed, breaking off his whistling when he saw how expectant Senator Vance looked. Now, I first heard that air—it's the gongolier's song—when I was in Venice as a very young man, and it only darts into my mind every two or three years, or when—

“I'd like to hear you whistle it all through with variations, Matt,” after you get through with this pot,” suggested Senator Vance. “You know how addicted I am to your music, Zeb, here and elsewhere, even on the floor of the senate. But cards is cards—Mansir thinks his openers are worth two dollars and I'm raising him five. I'm waiting for—

“Only darts into my mind, that song, as I was saying,” said Ransom, “once every two or three years, and always when I'm in a particular lucky streak, or just about to begin one. I am seeing those seven dollars, and it's five dollars more.”

“Oh! What am I up against?” inquired Mansir then, and he showed his opening pair of jacks and dropped.

“He couldn't see how both of the chancers could be bluffing at the same time, took no stock in a pair of jacks in a pot at best, and, anyhow, he foresaw more fun in a little battle between Ransom and Vance for a windup. So he and I got up from the table to address ourselves to a bit of refreshment on the sideboard.

that Ransom had his colleague beaten to a standstill.

“Mansir gathered the chips in the pot together and counted them and we separated, arranging to come together on Monday evening solely for the purpose of giving Ransom and Vance a chance to fight it out over that last jackpot.

“On Monday I released Vance's hand from the envelope and he spread the worthless cards out lovingly in front of him, and Mansir gave Ransom, his cards out of the envelope and Ransom regarded his papers with equal pleasure.

“Then, after Mansir had placed the chips constituting the pot in the middle of the table and all was set just as it had been at the leave off on Saturday night, Ransom suddenly became serious.

“Zeb,” he said ‘this little extra session, as it were, has been called, it seems to me, for the manifest purpose of carrying on a plain gambling transaction, and to make it worse a gambling transaction between two old friends, neighbors and colleagues. I maintain that it was impossible for our harmless and cozy little four-handed game, organized and carried on for fun, to lapse over from Saturday to Monday.

“Therefore that four-handed friendly game having ethically and actually come to conclusion on Saturday night last, here are you and I met together, with all of the paraphernalia and properties assembled in front of us, for the promotion and solution of a gambling transaction.

“In justice to you and to me, to both of us, I ask you it is right that either of us should abide by the outcome of so deliberate and so deliberate and obvious a gambling chance, decided outside of the pale of mere friendly playing, as this arrangement? Not, Zeb, but that I've got you beat to—

“Matt,” said Vance, seeming to catch at that last phrase, “I think you're right. Our real game did actually conclude on Saturday night, and this hang-over shouldn't be allowed to go. While I am assured by my innermost comprehension of the laws of chance that I've got you punished, I am perfectly willing that we should—

“Split the pot?” suggested Ransom, taking advantage of a slight pause in Vance's part.

“Yes, that's it—we'll split the pot quickly replied Vance, and split it was.

“We parted in fine spirits.”

“Your man,” said Mansir to me on the way to the cars, referring to Senator Vance, “seemed powerful willing to agree to Ransom's proposition to split the pot. Must have been weak, eh?”

“Oh, I don't know,” I told Mansir. “Vance had what you western folk call a lulu—three cards of one suit and two of another—he was bobbing to a ten high when he finished.”

“Mansir stopped and slapped his thigh.

“I reckon your telling me that entitles you to know what Ransom had in his eyes. ‘Matt had a busted diamond flush, nine high.’

“The two senators went to their graves without either ever knowing what the other's hand was on that occasion. They wouldn't tell each other and Mansir and I agreed not to give it away.”

It's That Bind.

For some weeks the very air has been charged with politics. The state conventions of the two parties and various county conventions have claimed a large part of public interest.

The coming fall will see a political battle preliminary to the election in November. Just now, however, there is a lull between the past and the coming storm, and it is well for the people to pause and consider.

Men differ on political questions, exactly as they differ on all questions, and it is no doubt a wise dispensation of providence that this difference of opinion is characteristic of the human race. It should not, however, be forgotten that we are all North Carolinians with same inheritance, the same present problems, and the same future destiny. Where there is one question that divides us there are hundred questions that draw us together. This fact should not be lost sight, even amidst the stress and turmoil of the most strenuous campaign.

We all love our dear old state. We are all proud of what the sons and daughters have been and what they have done to the new world. We are all one people and owe it to ourselves, on whichever side we may be fighting, to remember that bitterness and criminalities are unworthy of us.

If a citizen sincerely believes in the doctrine advocated by the democratic party and his faith in the party's management it is his duty to vote the democratic ticket. Just as much is it his duty to vote the republican ticket if he believes that the supremacy of that party would make for the best interest of state and nation.

But why fall into a passion over politics? Why indulge in practices when playing the political game that would be frowned upon and condemned by all proud of what her sons and to which the people of the state should give a claim.—Industrial News.

Accidentally Shot Sheriff.

THE ROWAN TRAGEDY

The Horrible Deed of a Midnight Assassin—Heroic Conduct of the Three Young Girls Who Discover the Murderers—Evidence Against the Accused. Confession by One of Them.

Special to the Charlotte Observer.

Barber's Junction, July 14.—The Christopher Lively home, one of the oldest places in this section of Rowan county, is located about two miles east of here, on the Salisbury-Statesville dirt road. There a large family of children was raised by Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Lively. One of the sons was Isaac Lively, who remained at the old plantation and reared a family of his own. Tonight Mr. Isaac Lively aged 68 years, with his third wife, who was Miss Augusta Barringer, and two children, Johnnie, a 9-year-old boy, and Alice, a 5-year-old girl, lie dead in the ancestral home. Mr. Lively and his loved ones were beaten to death last night, between 9 and 10 o'clock, by a cruel assassin. All except little Alice, who lingered until 3 o'clock this afternoon, fell dead before the murderer's axe.

DISCOVERY OF THE CRIME

The Livelys are hard working, honest people. They toil by day and rest by night. Yesterday evening, after they had eaten supper and talked over the simple incidents of the day, Mr. and Mrs. Lively and their five children, Mary, Addie, Johnnie, and Alice, retired for the night. The father and the son occupied a bed in one corner of the east room on the first floor and the mother and Alice, the baby girl, a bed in the same room but in the opposite corner. Mary, Addie, and Johnnie slept upstairs. By 9 o'clock every one in the home must have been sound asleep, for, about an hour later, when Addie, the 6-year-old girl, waked up, she smelt smoke in the house and went down to tell her father. As Addie entered the sleeping room of her parents she saw that the bed on which her father and Johnnie slept was burning. In an instant she realized that something serious had happened. Rushing to her father she felt his brow and found it was cold. She passed her hand over Johnnie's face and that, too, was lifeless. After making these discoveries she ran out and called her older sister, announcing the distressing news.

TRYING TO SAVE LITTLE GIRL

At that hour all was still about the place except the patter of the girls' bare feet as they moved about the house. Soon the three daughters, the oldest of whom was but 18, like the brave heroines they proved themselves, were at work, trying to save the life of Alice, who lay moaning at the side of her dead mother. It took but a casual glance to see that Mr. Lively, Mrs. Lively and Johnnie were beyond human aid. But there was a chance for Alice. Mary picked the little girl up in her arms and carried her into the front yard and laid her on the grass, in the cool air, and did what she could to revive her. Seeing, however, that her skull, just above the left eye, was crushed, and that she was unconscious her sisters turned to the house and fire, which was making some headway in the feather beds. Water was drawn from the well, carried to the room and poured upon the stubborn blaze. The remains of Mr. Lively and the boy were rescued from the flames and dragged from the bed to the floor.

GAVE THE ALARM

For an hour the brave girls fought the fire and did what they could to make their dying sister comfortable. The night was dark and not a soul did they have to comfort or assist them in their labor and sorrow. In their desperate efforts to bring back to life little Alice and to save the bodies of their kinsmen and their home from the fire which had been started by the murderer they thought not of fear. The fire out and the corpses cared for as best they could, under the circumstances, they turned to find a place of safety. The closest neighbor, Mr. B. F. Cooke, lived across the valley, more than a quarter of a mile away. Mary took Alice in her arms and, with Addie and Johnnie for company, started for the Cooke home. On top of the hill, directly in the path that led to Mr. Cooke's house, stood the cabin in which Jack Dellingham, a negro, whom the girl suspected of the crime, lived. Therefore, they could not go by there. Leaving the trail at the little stream the children beat their way through the woods, briars and gullies to their destination.

One can easily imagine the picture of the flight of the Lively girls. When they had finished their work at home their thoughts turned to the ordeals or brutes who committed the foul deed. As they gathered their sister and started across the country they recalled that Jack Dellingham had some words with their father the day before. They were reminded also of the fact that their mother had been caught by Dellingham's wife. Their courage had deserted them and they became a trio of innocent, unprotected young women, seeking for shelter at a late hour of the night. As they moved along they were afraid lest Dellingham should hear them and come to carry out his plan of wholesale slaughter. But the trip was made in safety and Mr. Cooke was notified. Alice was placed in a bed and shown such attention as devoted friends could give.

Mr. Cooke took up the work of notifying the neighbors. By 12:30 men and women began to assemble at the Lively home. Some cared for the dead, while others began to hunt for the person or persons who had committed the horrible crime.

NEGROES MADE THREATS

Mr. Matt L. Webb, a white man who had worked with Nease Gillespie, alias Nease Graham, a large mulatto, about 40 years old, reported that he had heard the negro use the following language: “Old man Lively can cut that wheat and thrash it but he will never eat it or get the money for it.”

This recalled something that Mr. J. G. Lively, a son by a former wife, had heard his father say. Nease Gillespie, who is a saw mill hand for Mr. John Dellinger, moved into one of Mr. Isaac Lively's cabins last fall. He, his son and step-son agreed to work so much land if they took the house. A section

for wheat was laid off. The Gillespie sowed part of this, but finding that they could get plenty of work at good wages did not sow the entire lot. This, not being according to contract, worried Mr. Lively, who spoke to Nease and was, in turn, cursed. Finally, however, the matter was settled by Mr. Dellinger, the saw mill owner, agreeing to pay house rent for Gillespie. Nothing more was heard of the wheat until some time ago, when it had been sown by Lively, who was preparing to have it thrashed.

Monday Nease Gillespie went down to Mr. Lively's home and asked him what he was going to do with the wheat.

“Why, I am going to thrash it and use it,” said Mr. Lively.

“You will not,” declared Nease. “Hot words followed and Mr. Lively ordered the negro out of his yard. It was here Gillespie told his landlord that he would kill him or die in the attempt if he used the wheat without giving him a share of it.

It was after this that Nease told Mr. Webb that Mr. Lively might cut the wheat, but he would never eat or sell it. Gillespie had been very insolent to Mr. Lively.

The crowd which gathered at the Lively home heard of this threat of Gillespie and went to his house to arrest him. The negro had gone to work, a mile or more away, but his wife became frightened and ran to the home of Mr. Dick Files, a farmer, and begged him to protect her, saying that she would be hanged for killing the Livelys when she had nothing to do with it.

SAID GILLESPIE KNEW OF THE CRIME

“I don't know nothing about it, but my husband does,” said Gillespie's wife.

Near the home of Gillespie was a freshly burnt spot, where a straw bed and other things had been fired since daylight. Those who graveled in the charred place found pieces of clothing, and a spoonful of scorched blood. Some pieces from the house a bloody shirt, which had been boiled and was still wet, was discovered in a weed patch. These bits of evidence, when put together, make an interesting and convincing story.

Gillespie's wife was hysterical and wild. She talked two ways, but the officers believe that she gave her husband away to Mr. Files. Gillespie is described as a fussy negro.

One of the ladies told the officers of a conversation that their father had with Dillingham, one of his hands. He had been after Dillingham for being trifling when the negro told him that he was going to leave and go to work at the saw mill. Mr. Lively answered: “Yes, if you go there and work five days right straight along I will set you up.” This seemed to rile Dillingham, for he told some one that, except for the reason that he lived on the old man's place, he would have given him a cursing.

Friday Mrs. Lively had trouble with Dillingham's wife, who was taken to task for leaving dirty water in a wash tub which had been loaned to her. The negroes became mad and abusive.

Those who were looking for motives thought that Jack Dellingham and his wife should be arrested.

SHERIFF ON THE SCENE EARLY

Sheriff D. R. Julian and his deputies, who were on the ground early in the morning arrested the following named: Nease Gillespie and son, John; Jack Dellingham and wife, and Geo. Erwin and Henry Lee and carried them to Salisbury.

Dr. E. R. Dorsey with the following named jurors held the coroner's inquest yesterday: Messrs. B. A. Knox, W. F. Thompson, M. F. Plyler, R. B. Harris, C. G. R. Anderson and Arthur Thompson. The verdict was to the effect that the Livelys were murdered with axes in the hands of Nease Gillespie, his son, John, Jack Dellingham and wife and George Erwin and Henry Lee.

Revenge seems to have been the motive for the bloody murder. There were more than \$150 in the house, and not a cent of it was taken.

Barber's Junction, July 14.—Henry Gillespie, a young son of Nease Gillespie, this evening made a confession to the effect that his father and John Gillespie committed the crime and that the other negroes arrested were implicated. Henry Gillespie was at the scene of the killing all day and on being questioned this evening he became frightened and made a confession to Mr. E. A. Barber, constable, and in the presence of W. A. Thompson and others. He was then taken into custody. He said the elder Gillespie and his son John killed Mr. Lively, his wife and the little boy, Johnnie, and fatally injured the little girl, who died this evening, and that the other negroes arrested were implicated in the commission of the tragedy. He told a plain story as to how they entered the house at an early hour in the evening, carrying with them two axes to do the bloody work with. After committing the deed they set fire to the bed clothing by pouring kerosene oil on the bed from a lamp, and leaving the house to be burned with the dead parents and children. Their expectation was that the remaining three children who were asleep up stairs would be burned alive. But, as formerly stated, they were awakened by suffocation and descending the stairs, extinguished the flames with water which they had to draw from a well in the back yard. The negro also told where the two axes were used and upon investigation they were found.

Barber Junction, July 15.—The funeral services and interment of the late Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Lively, their little daughter, Alice, and son, Johnnie, were held at Unity Presbyterian church this morning at 11 o'clock, the Rev. Mr. Spence conducting the services. Unity Presbyterian church is an old house of worship, about two miles from the Lively home, of which all the Lively family were members. It is where their ancestors worshipped and they are buried there in the churchyard.

At an early hour this morning though the weather was threatening, hundreds of people began to assemble at the ancestral home of the Lively family, which, up until Saturday, has been the home of three generations of his honorable family without blem-

ish or stain. This morning this pretty country place was the site of a death-stricken home, there being four caskets containing the remains of the Lively family, slain Saturday by a band of negro brutes.

By 10 o'clock more than one thousand people had gathered at the home, there being people from all over the counties of Rowan, Iredell and Forsyth, and from the cities of Salisbury, Statesville, Winston, and Charlotte. When the funeral reached the church over two thousand people had fallen in line, which was over one and a half miles long, to pay their last tribute to their honored neighbors and friends. The procession arriving at the churchyard found the church crowded with people, who had not been able to get inside of the home, there being room left only for the remaining little girls and near relatives. The Rev. Mr. Spence preached a most beautiful sermon.

The three remaining little girls were calm and well composed, not realizing their cruel bereavement. No braver heroines ever lived than these three little girls, Mary, Addie, and Johnnie.

The father, mother and two children were buried in one grave. Many beautiful floral offerings were either brought or sent from the towns and cities nearby. The three children will reside with their neighbor, Mr. W. P. Barber, and their uncle, Mr. Alex. Lively, of Cleveland, until matters are adjusted.

FOUR LAID IN ONE GRAVE.

adjusted.

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